Five o'clock; I start out ahead of the others to spend a minute with the fishermen, who signal to me from the other bank. They complain that their nets have been raised, for they have caught only one fish, just one! Here they are all soaked again, still laughing.

Extraordinary narrowness of this valley. Without noticing it, we are in Spain again; already in Andorra we had met some of these mules fringed with red. The stream is getting deeper; a canal branches off, which we follow, leaving the road, where from a distance we see our horses raising dust.

As soon as we have passed the customs, a *posada* where we are served black sausage and mothy goat's cheese. At the end of the large room, which the outer brightness darkens, a stairway with slate steps; on the last step is seated a little girl, naked. She is watching a lamb being cut open; the innkeeper hangs the intestines from the low ceiling; in a moment, getting up without looking, I bump my forehead into them. Our guide, seated with us, is sprinkling gray salt on a tomato. On the table, having escaped from the cheese, a thin worm is squirming. The old wife of the innkeeper weighs the sausage to know how much of it we have eaten.

Moist fields; luminous rocks. On the happy Cerdagne the valley opens; the light pours down from.the top of the mountains like milk.

Back in Spain! Yet I had sworn not to set foot in it so soon again!

Seo de Urgel

The grapevines, locked in the wall up to the second story, spread out over the balcony. Narrow streets, overhanging roofs narrowly channel the sky. Dark cathedral; beautiful Romanesque cloister (see Baedeker), deep arcades in which shops are set up; frugal market.

Between Seo and San Vicente from three o'clock to five; it is very hot; my companions say nothing but inanities; if I were not more silent

than they, I should doubtless say just as many as they.

Sunday to Monday: night spent at the baths of San Vicente.

The moon, by some wonderful mystery, has been full for four or five nights now. My room, at the end of the hotel, overhangs the stream at a great height, and through the branches a little upstream I can just make out the sparkling of the water; not another sound but that of the rushing water. How slowly the night flows on! Anything that fell from the balcony would hardly be heard in its f all. Oh, to remain here, drunken and naked under the moon, with no other concern than to sleep off the heat of the day! It is so beautiful that the silence of the night birds is incomprehensible; it is amazing; everything seems to be waiting. . . .